

Rise Of The Spartans: Part 1: Exodus

by BrambleStar14

Category: Halo

Genre: Friendship, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-01-26 19:48:37

Updated: 2013-02-03 20:02:50

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:00:20

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,423

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The story is about to begin. A new squad of Spartans is put together during Reach's last hours to protect the planet from destruction...inevitable destruction. The squad leader Nightflash however decides that survival would allow the squad to better protect Reach's legacy and avenge the fallen planet. This squad will rise as the others fall.

1. Prologue

****Hey guys, BrambleStar14 here, off to start another story! YAY! Now, if you are a fan of Red Vs Blue, Halo or any action film, you'll probably like this. I have no idea how many of you watch machinima, but if you do, you'll probably have heard of Rise Of The Spartans, the massive series from the genius that is Arbiter617. Now, it was made in Halo and is absolutely brilliant and while watching it, I had the idea to novelise it and put it up on this site, as I think you'll enjoy it. In Halo, there are limits to what players can do, so I'll be making it slightly more realistic then just holding your gun and walking around to signify talking.****

****Um... I think that about covers what I wanted to say regarding this story. Oh yeah, I need a beta reader! If you think you can do that, message me! If you do a good job, you'll get a small marine role in this story! So, without further ado, let's begin. Enjoy the show!****

****Disclaimer: Not part of the Halo series. I neither own Halo, or Rise Of The Spartans****

Rise Of The Spartans

Part 1: Exodus

Prologue

The sky above New Alexandria was perfectly normal. The sun was

glaring down upon the city, the twin planet was still visible in the early morning air and all was quiet. To an idle observer, this would promote a calm, peaceful atmosphere. Until they looked at the city. It was burning. Huge chunks of the skyscrapers were torn away, flames billowed out of buildings and AA Guns positioned across the area were firing at the sky, as Covenant dropships approached the city, full with deadly troops, ready to unleash hell on the civilians who were yet to be evacuated, with that possibility looking unlikelier and unlikelier with each wave of Covenant.

In the small harbour at the edge of the city, by the water's edge, a Phantom was leaving, having dropped off its payload. Here and there, Jackals were running around, their bird-like faces searching for prey and their wrist-shields activated. The prey in question was currently sheltered in a small platform, behind cover. A dying tree hung overhead, an ill omen. The group of soldiers looked to their commander, questioningly as they waited for orders.

The black suited ODS1 surveyed his squad, the green stripe across his helmet showing his difference from the others. He looked at the update on his HUD, sweat rolling down his head as he assessed his orders alongside the chances of his squad's survival. The odds were not looking good. He heaved a great sigh, before speaking.

"Right, this is our last chance! Nick, Sam and Wedge should drop in, in just a minute, and we'll have our asses all the way back to the Forwards Operation Base before any more Covvie Birds touch down! We need to move faster this time!" One of his men, wearing white trim, turned to the others, eyes wide beneath his helmet as he leaned on the railing, gun left unattended to the side. "A straight dash to the fallback?! Again?!" He shook his head slightly, slumping against his cover and putting his hand on his helmet. The commander turned to him sharply, cutting him off before he could complain any more.

"Hey," he said, pointing at his man. "This time, we have a chance!" he turned and looked each of his men in the eyes to signify this. A man with a blue stripe looked down as he mumbled, "But what about Preston? Did he have a chance?" The commander sighed as he took off his helmet, putting it down beside him as he wiped sweat from his face, before replacing it firmly. This was no time to show weakness to his men. Before any more words could be exchanged, a Jackal rounded the corner and squawked loudly, alerting the others. The next moment, a charged plasma shot slammed into the commander, knocking him off his feet.

The squad opened fire, killing the Jackal instantly and peppering the shields of the others with gunfire, as the blue striped soldier extended a hand to the commander, who took it and stood up, joining in with the shooting. Below the bridge, more Covenant forces awaited, this time the dog-like Grunts. They made snarling noises to each other as they too opened fire.

Further in the city, at the Forwards Operations Base, a brown armoured soldier ran across the deserted street and towards the small area set up behind the barricades, where a yellow soldier wielding a shotgun awaited. As he approached the soldier, the small handheld radio dissolved into static and the yellow soldier cursed as he turned to the new arrival. He brown armoured soldier stopped and leaned against the wall, gun held loosely in one hand, the other holding the wall and he panted for breath. Finally, he stood

up.

"Commander!" he announced "Those ODST's are still locked down on the beachhead! There's no way we're getting any units out to them in this mess!" The commander hesitated, looking at his radio, before looking back at his soldier. "Order a strike on the West Face! Let's tell the Covenant that that beachhead is ours!" The soldier nodded, now grinning as he replied with a quick "Yessir!" as he turned and left.

Back at the beachhead, two more Phantoms had arrived and things were getting hectic. The squad was firing desperately, but they were running out of ammo and the Covenant just seemed to keep on coming. The soldier with the silver stripe sighed, before standing up and running forwards.

"I can't believe that we'd even consider this again after what just happened to Preston!" he yelled as he ran to another piece of cover, ducking as a bullet whizzed over his head, before opening fire with his rifle. Grunts were charging up the hill now, into the oncoming bullets. Suddenly, a red circle appeared on the battlefield, causing much confusion among the Grunts, who stepped inside of it, trying to see what would happen.

The Commander saw this and, eyes widening, turned to his squad. "Duck!" he yelled to the squad who, seeing this, instantly ducked behind cover. Seconds later, a whizzing sound filled the air, and a mortar bomb struck the circle, creating a huge explosion. Shrapnel was blown everywhere as smoke rising in spirals from the small impact crater. Several more mortars struck the ground and soon Covenant bodies littered the floor.

There was a moments silence, before the silver-striped soldier poked his head up from behind the now shrapnel covered cover. "An Orbital Strike?! What is this!?" His Commander nodded, grinning now as he surveyed the carnage from the still smoking impact craters. However, a second later he understood, and his expression became deadly serious.

"This is our cue! Let's move!" he yelled and the squad stood up and sprinted from their cover. Brutes ran at them, but got quickly gunned down as the squad sprinted along, holding their rifles in one hand and punching any Covenant out of their way. Jackals hit the floor as they rounded the corner leading onto the bridge. Brutes were moving behind them and the Silver Striped soldier opened fire, cutting them down pretty quickly.

Instantly, the squad sprinted onto the bridge, trying desperately to avoid the plasma being sent their way from the countless enemies that were now surrounding them. The red-striped soldier threw a grenade ahead of the squad and several unlucky grunts were blown sky high. The squad exited the bridge, panting now and moving at a slower rate. As they turned another corner, they watched a Phantom lifting off, evidently having just unleashed another wave of deadly aliens.

The silver striped man turned to the others. "Alright, it should be another minute till the next drop." The Commander turned away and yelled to his squad to keep moving. They complied without hesitation, running for their lives. Another Phantom swooped in from overhead, firing deadly concussion shots and dropping Grunts from the open bay

doors. Then, a crate nearby was flung aside as a massive armoured shape stomped through, covered in spikes and wielding a huge plasma cannon on its arm.

"HUNTER!" screamed the silver striped man as the living tank started forwards. It was soon joined by another one and they swung their massive shields around, attempting to crush the squad. However, the group knew their stuff and soon one hunter was down, multiple bullet holes covering the vulnerable back area of its body. However, the other one roared in agony at the loss of its bonded twin and turned its cannon to bear on the red striped one.

"CALUM! Get out of there! Watch out!" yelled the silver striped soldier, desperately shooting at the hunter while sprinting forwards in an attempt to stop the inevitable. But it was too late. The hunter fired and Calum cried out as his shields went down. A second later, the shield smashed into him, killing him instantly as his spine shattered. He flew through the air before crumpling in a heap on the ground several feet away. The rest of the squad yelled in anger and opened fire. The hunter didn't stand a chance.

The squad was still surrounded and now the Covenant was closing in. "GET BACK! EVERYONE GET BACK!" yelled the Commander in panic, seconds before a large plasma blast landed next to him. He turned and saw a Wraith tank entering the fray. His eyes widened as his gun dropped for a few seconds. They were doomed. He knew it now.

Back at the Forwards Operations Base, the brown soldier ran around a corner and ran back to his commanding officer. He had more bad news. "Another one just went down! They've fallen back to the outskirts again! They're on their own now!" The commander sighed, before putting his head in his hands. He knew what he had to say, but it was hard. Finally, he raised his head and stated blankly "They're on their own now. There's no more support we can give them! Defending the beachhead is now their priority"

Back at the beachhead, the squad was pinned again and this time, they knew they were doomed. They were low on ammo and were down another member. Silver shook his head as he dropped his gun, panting hard. He looked at the others and sighed deeply before speaking.

"I never thought it would end like this. First Preston, then Calum just a few minutes later." He sighed again, then looked over at the Commander, who had cleared his throat. "Hey," he began bracingly, trying to moralize his squad. "It's not over yet! We're still here!" He turned and fired a few rounds over the barricade, barely hearing the silver striped soldier's reply to his small speech.

"It is over and you know it's over! We can't hold the beach with just us three!" He and the commander stared each other down until the blue striped soldier interrupted them.

"Hey guys, I'm picking up something on my radar!"

"Can you be a little more specific than that Private? What does it look like? Enemy or reinforcements?" he sighed inside his head. When would that Private learn to give more than just the basic facts?

"Preferably the latter!" stated the silver striped soldier, ducking

another bolt of plasma before firing back.

At the edge of the battle, a new soldier walked forwards, wielding a shotgun and holding a rocket launcher on his back. He was about 6 foot tall and wore specialized MJOLNIR combat armour, brown with a trim of light blue. His EVA helmet would have shone brightly in the glare from the sun, but for the fact that it was painted jet black. He stood there, observing the battle and watched as another Phantom entered the fray, flying down and unloading another load of Covenant on the ODS'T's.

Back at the ODS'T's position, the Blue Striped soldier's head lifter up, suddenly alert, his eyes wide as he turned to the other two.

"Heads up!" he warned them, "It's approaching our position now!" The commander turned around to face the entrance to their little area.

"Get ready!" he commanded, crawling forwards and poking his head around the corner. The other two poked their heads out after him. The stairs were silent. They watched when suddenly: A Grunt appeared, squealing loudly until the Commander put a bullet through his skull. They turned to the Blue Striped soldier, exasperated. He looked at the ground sheepishly as he removed his helmet.

"Sorry," he said, embarrassed. "I thought it was bigger." Without warning, a massive alien phased out of active camo a second later. Before the other two could react, the Sanghelli major pulled out his glowing blue energy sword and charged forwards.

"Captain!" yelled the Silver Striped soldier in panic. "GET BACK!" But it was too late, and the Elite lunged forwards, plunging its sword deep into the Commander's chest. Time seemed to freeze. The Commander looked down at the sizzling holes in his chest, before looking back up at his squad, his gun falling from his numb fingers. He smiled. The Elite snarled and ripped its sword out of the Commander's chest, killing him instantly. He fell backwards, over the railing and into the sea.

The Elite turned to the frantically firing pair of soldiers and advanced slowly, sword covered in blood. They kept firing, but it was still walking towards them, swinging its sword backwards and forwards mockingly. It was right in front of the blue striped soldier when a shadow covered the sun. Seconds later, something fell from above and landed right behind the Elite. Before it could turn, a loud BANG rang out and the Elite fell down, dead.

Both soldiers turned in shock and saw their saviour. It was the large, armoured man that had arrived earlier, placing another shell into his shotgun, before pumping it and turning to them, a grin beneath his visor.

"Now," he stated to the shell-shocked pair, "would be a good time to go!"

A Spartan had arrived in the battle.

****Ta-daaaaa!** That was only five minutes of the first episode! There's twenty-five more left to write and then Part One will be done. And

then I move to the rest, which are even bigger. Joy! What did you guys think then? Let me know. I still need that Beta Reader as well. See you guys in the next episode, which I intend to release tomorrow.**

Or you could just watch the episode on YouTube, but that would be boring. Here, you can imagine it, rather than just watching it. But the episode has music and- NO! READ THIS! DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE!

Anyway, after that rant, see you guys around. And I'm rambling again. Now, would be a good time to go!

Adios!

BrambleStar14

2. Chapter 2

And I'm back once again with a ROTs chapter for all of you guys out there. The reception for the last part of brilliant. Thanks for your great reviews and I am honoured that you liked it so much. I personally can't wait for Part 8 to be written, as it is the best. Oh well, we have a long way to go yet. So, no one has yet asked to be beta reader. The offer is still open for anyone out there. Also, this is being really harsh, but I say about 50 views for chapter one and only two reviews. That's only four percent who bothered to write anything. It literally takes only 30 seconds to type up a positive or a negative comment. So, if you liked this chapter, please let me know. Or if you disliked it, I really don't care. I could use constructive criticism. So, rant over and here's the chapter. As always, have nice day.

Disclaimer: Not a part of the Halo series. Halo is owned by 343 and ROTs is owned by Arbiter617. I own no-one.

Rise Of The Spartans: Exodus

Chapter One

A Spartan had arrived.

Tall, clad in armour coloured brown and blue, with a jet black visor on his EVA helmet, a chest covered with ammo for his shotgun and back mounted rocket launcher. He grinned as he reloaded his gun, a loud click as he popped the ammo into place. He turned to the two stunned marines, who were both mourning their comrades and shocked at his abrupt appearance. He looked down at the dead elite at his feet, riddled with bullet holes and leaking purple blood. He nudged it slightly with his foot, before looking up and speaking for the first time.

"Now, would be a good time to go!" And with that, he turned and ran, not even checking to see if the others were following him. The others glanced at one another, before the silver striped man shrugged and they both ran after him. As the Spartan headed down the stairs, a Hunter appeared out of nowhere, charging it's cannon in an attempt to burn a new hole through him. The Spartan jumped over the oncoming

bolt of death, landing on a piece of broken wall lying in the street, before jumping forwards again, over the Hunter.

He fired his shotgun into an oncoming Grunt, before turning to the Hunter, who was being peppered with bullets by the marines, with very few shots actually getting through. The Spartan ran forwards, punching the Hunter in the exposed back with such force that the Hunter jolted forwards, charged cannon being knocked to the side. Before it could get back up, the Spartan had slammed his fist into the colony of worms making it up, before ripping a handful out and dropping them onto the floor. Instantly, the Hunter collapsed, dead.

Without pausing, he continued to run forwards, past his new allies and jumping into a new area, firing his shotgun at more unfortunate Grunts. As they died, the marines ran ahead, trying to escape the oncoming horde of Covenant. The Spartan however, paused, turning to his left, where more Covenant awaited. He moved forwards, almost in slow motion. Behind, another Phantom pulled down, sending up dust as it unloaded its cargo. The Spartan continued to walk, ignoring the needles that attempted to penetrate his shields, before falling in vain to the ground. Behind him, a deadly burst of plasma hit the ground.

He stopped, facing the Wraith tank down, watching as it fired again. The ball of superheated death soared high into the air, over a wide trajectory, before coming straight towards him. The marines turned in horror and watched as the plasma zoomed at him, as he watched it, apparently frozen. Seconds counted down and they could do nothing but watch.

3 seconds. 2 seconds. 1 second.

As the plasma was about to make contact, the Spartan tapped a button on his wrist, before raising his hand and smashing it towards the ground. As soon as his hand connected with the Earth, a tiny projector on his back glowed and a blue shield spread across his body in a nano-second, the inbuilt armour ability instantly activating, saving his life as the plasma exploded harmlessly against it.

The second the explosion died down, he stood up and rocketed towards the Wraith, reaching behind him and swinging his rocket launcher to bear, aiming and firing in less than three consecutive seconds. The rocket flew towards the helpless Wraith, and the driver panicked, opening the canopy to climb out. The rocket flew through the open hatch and into the control room, detonating instantly and destroying the Wraith from the inside out. The Spartan didn't even watch as he turned and walked towards the marines, the explosion behind him illuminating his silhouette as he walked away from the shattered husk of what used to be a deadly tank.

Deep inside the city, in the central district, but down a side area that the Covenant had not yet reached, but was never-the-less advancing towards, the street was silent. Leaves fell from dying trees and abandoned buildings lined the area, with only memories and dust inhabiting them now. The reinforced metal door at the end of the street opened with a hiss and the two surviving marines ran inside, followed by the Spartan, who turned and slammed his fist into a control panel, sealing the door again. They ran forwards, up the street and the long ramped slope, towards a set of barricades

inhabited by a set of brown marines, who raised their weapons instinctively at the sight of them, before standing down and moving aside to let them pass.

As the Spartan passed, they glanced at one another, eyes wide in shock, before turning back to their posts guarding their makeshift base. The commander, standing by his radio and talking to his second in command turned to them, the sun glinting off his gold visor and highlights on his brown armour. His shotgun lowered as his Military Police helmet took in each of them.

"What's this?" he asked in shock, his eyes widening as he realised what they were doing there. "Who's holding the beachhead?!" He took a glance at his radio, as though contemplating whether or not to send another squad out there. The Spartan stepped forwards, his shotgun too was pointed harmlessly at the floor and yet he gave off a sense of power and control that none of the other soldiers seemed to have.

"The beachhead was overrun," he stated flatly to the Commander, before adding, "And this place will be as well in just a few minutes!" The commander paled as the other marines nodded, before moving past him. The Spartan pulled up a holographic map inside his HUD, before looking back at the Commander.

"I'd recommend falling back to the inner city unless you want to survive," he warned, looking the other man in the eye, telling him how serious it truly was. The commander pulled off his helmet and brushed his bleached hair out of his alerted eyes.

"Survive?" he whispered, before his face took on a hard expression. "Since when has war been about survival?" he asked the Spartan aggressively, apparently angered that this great soldier was telling him to pull back. The Spartan sighed, before attempting to speak. The Commander cut him off. "We hold this point or we die. We have orders to hold the Covvies at bay. Death is just another road to the same victory. As a Spartan, I figured you'd understand that by now" he stated, placing his helmet back on and sealing it.

At the radio, his second in command started in alarm, before standing up and yelling, getting everyone's attention in seconds.

"Woah, woah, woah! Radar just went to shit!" They all stood there, frozen, realising what this meant. The Covenant had found them. The commander turned around slowly, before turning to the blue-striped soldier, who was the squad's technician. He glanced at the radio, before speaking.

"It should be working fine," he stated, confused. "What's this mean?" The commander's shoulders slumped as he took this in and its implications.

"It means," he said with a heavy sigh, raising his weapon. "It means that we've got stealth Elites" And then everything went wrong. The air started to shimmer, before seemingly invisible shapes started to slowly form, filling outlines of figures in and colouring them in within seconds. The next moment, an Elite was stood next to him, needle rifle aimed straight at the commander's head. A voice came out of the Elites helmet, low and menacing.

"Anyone move and this human dies!" They all froze. They had seen what a needle rifle could do from a distance and up close like this; the Commander wouldn't stand a chance. They all looked around in horror as three more Elites materialised from thin air, surrounding them and boxing them in.

"Drop your weapons! All of you!" The Elite hissed at them and after a slight hesitation, the collected weapons of the group hit the floor with a clatter, uselessly out of reach. The Elite turned to the others and hissed at them in garbled Sanghelli, which a translator would have said "Search their equipment" Instantly, the others started rifling through crates, picking up ammunition and radios. The group could see no way out of this one. Even the Spartan could do nothing without causing the deaths of everyone around him.

Across the street, on top of a building, a shadow moved, carrying what appeared to be a sniper rifle. The stealth leader drew himself up, apparently bored.

"Everyone down on the ground" he ordered, and everyone dropped on their bellies, with their hands over their heads. Except for the Spartan, who remained standing, staring defiantly at the leader, who hissed in rage.

"That includes you, demon!" He said the word demon with an extra growl, laced with pure hatred at the man who had caused the deaths of so many of his brothers. The Commander looked up at the Spartan in an attempt to defuse the situation.

"Do what he says, Spartan!" he ordered, but the Spartan remained standing, staring at the leader with hatred and defiance, refusing to move. The Elite behind him let out a frustrated growl and moved forwards, waving his sword around.

"Argh, he won't listen. Allow me to tear him in half as an example-" the next second, a high velocity bullet soared through the air and smashed through his visor, travelling through his eye socket in an explosion of blood, before puncturing his brain, killing him instantly. He dropped to the floor, dead, as the others looked around for the source, the Spartan moved. He reached into his hip holster and brought out a pistol in less than a second, firing one shot. The bullet whizzed through the air before piercing the leader's heart. As the leader fell to the floor, rifle still held in his hands, the Spartan turned to the other Elite and fired again. The other Elite fell with a scream, this bullet placed in his lung.

A second later, the Spartan's third shot killed the last Elite. He stepped forwards, looking at the tall building across the road, to see a figure standing there, wielding a sniper rifle.

Another Spartan. A female. A recon helmet, with a bright silver visor. Purple armour trimmed with gold, and a large jetpack across her back. A second later, her voice came through on their radios.

"Thought you could use some help out here." She laughed as she placed another bullet carefully in her rifle.

"A few seconds earlier would have been nice as well," the male Spartans stated as he walked forwards, around the shocked marines who

were getting up around him. The Commander nodded to him as he passed, before throwing the Spartan his forgotten shotgun, before picking up his own.

"Well, you know me, I wanted to see how things went first" she stated, laughter in her voice, before activating her pack and jumping, lowering herself to the ground.

"Things aren't going well at all Whisper," the male stated, as Whisper arrived on the ground in front of him, exhaust hissing from the jets on her back as they died down. "Covenant are about to be storming all over this place!"

"And _you _think that's a bad thing? Ocelot, if there's anything we can handle, it's the Covenant" Whisper's voice was filled with amusement as she surveyed Ocelot, who scowled.

"Not this time Whisper, he warned. "Maybe Nightflash is right, there's no way we're going to save Reach!" He sounded dejected as he stared at the floor. Whisper shrugged.

"Then we'll die trying," she stated simply as she bumped his shoulder playfully. "I heard what the Commander said and I-" A second later, the Commander ran over.

"Spartans eight-zero-six and three-one-six, we could use your assistance holding this waypoint!" Ocelot and Whisper turned to him. Ocelot was clearly debating with himself inside his head, as he looked very distracted. Whisper looked at him.

"What do you think Ocelot?" she asked, letting him make the decision. He looked at the floor, shotgun held loosely in one hand as he placed his other on his head.

"I dunno what to say," he said, before heading over to where the squad he rescued were arguing with the Commander and his men.

"You heard what the Spartan said, this place is about to be overrun with the Covvies any minute now," the Blue striped soldier stated flatly, shaking his head. The commander hesitated, before beginning to speak.

"Get me a connection to the barracks. Have them send a few squads over!" The blue striped soldier nodded and the Commander turned to the Spartans. Ocelot looked around at the small group.

"Please tell me that you have a larger defence then this group" he begged in vain.

"This is the Forwards Operating Base Fort Spartan. Our last defence of the city. We wouldn't be marines if we couldn't hold it! Help is on the way" And he was right.

Within forty-five minutes, at least thirty grey clad soldiers wielding everything from snipers to machine gun turrets were dropped in, hitting the ground after a three foot drop from their respective pelicans. Instantly, the barricades were filled up as the soldiers took up positions at the top of the ramp, all reloading and crouching.

"Gentlemen, we hold the line behind these barricades." Ocelot and Whisper watched as the Commander walked backwards and forwards in front of the troops. Whisper had a question as the Commander continues to talk on and on.

"Where were they when the Stealth Elites came?" she asked Ocelot, who looked at her and shrugged.

"That's how this war is. Pawns first, then us." He spat the first as though they were contaminating, dirty. The Commander had finished his speech and run over.

"There's a sniper spot up in that tower. Spartan three-one-six, I recommend you use that long rifle of yours up top to cover my boys." She grinned, pleased that she would at least get to do her style of fighting, rather than getting up close and personal.

"Well," she said. "I don't exactly fight like your boys." She bumped Ocelot on the shoulder again, before running towards a shielded staircase. Ocelot looked at the Commander, before deciding his attack pattern.

"I'll get 'em from behind" he stated, raising the shotgun to get his point across, before walking past all the soldiers to take the long way around. Their eyes followed him as he went. As he waled past the second in command, he pulled his launcher from behind his back and placed it into the marines hands, before continuing on. The marine looked at the weapon, then up at the Commander, then around the corner, at Ocelot.

"Woah, thanks" he said to himself as he hefted the heavy weapon up onto his shoulder, before walking to the barricades. He turned to the others and shouted across to ensure they all heard.

"A Covenant strike force has gathered just beyond that wall! They're using the beachhead to deploy their ground forces." The soldiers stood there, watching the metal doors down the street. They were panting and sweating. One soldier was moaning slightly out of fear. The Commander loaded his weapon and wiped sweat from his brow, before lifting his weapon.

A spark started at the top of the doors, bright against the dull, faded metal. It flashed and let out a high pitched grating sound as it slowly travelled down the doors. Sparks flew from it as it forcibly cut the doors apart. The Commander gulped slightly, before composing himself.

"Here they come!" he shouted to his men as the spark travelled further and further down. Suddenly, halfway down, it stopped. The Commander glanced at his men, before looking back slowly, feeling dread course through his veins.

Then, the wall next to the door was blasted apart in an explosion that caused all the men to shield their eyes for a second, but it was enough. The hole was there, they were unprepared.

The next second, Covenant flooded the street and opened fire.

**Dun Dun Duuuuuuuuuuuun! That's this chapter then. More talking and less fighting than the last chapter, but who cares. Oh, you care. Oh,

oh dear. Sorry about that. The next chapter has more fighting, I promise! I pinky promise! Beta offer is still open.**

Until the next time, Bramble Away!

End
file.